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FUTURE

OF

VINELAND.

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Treat, Joseph  
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F 15  
N.Y.C.

Gift  
Vineland Hist. & Antiq. Soc.  
J. 2, 1910

# FUTURE OF VINELAND.

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(A LECTURE.)

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BY JOSEPH TREAT.  
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VINELAND is a power, and it will ripen into a most wonderful power. It will grow to be a great city, its 12,000 will become 50,000, and at length 100,000; and then it will be as much greater than any other city of 100,000, as it covers more territory—it will be city and country in one.

And it will call hither intellect, culture, worth, from every part of the country, and itself become fountain-head: Boston is literary, the Athens of America, the "hub of the universe:" Concord is redolent of the fame of Emerson and Alcott, and the live memories of Hawthorne and Thoreau: but

Vineland yet will cull from all, and develop a society superior to all.

And the whole of New Jersey will in time be a city, city and country together, to supply Philadelphia and New-York: but Vineland will be looked up to as pioneer and exemplar, by all these other settlements, so that greatly, what *she* does and is, will point out the way to all. It is written in the book of fate, and we could not stop it if we would, but fifty years will see it, that Vineland will be one of the greatest head-quarters of the world! Then what should she become, what New Features should be grafted on her beginning, to make her worthy of her Destiny?

One need only refer to and commend the fine features which have *already* made Vineland. First of all, that feeling of common sympathy and interest, of fraternity and oneness, that makes us all Vinelanders, friends, neighbors: that ignores the fact that we are Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, Unitarians, Spiritualists, Infidels, Atheists, and makes us one united community, in that sense not sectarian, but all together, equal and good! There is not another place in this country where there is so much town-pride, town-sympathy, as here, *so little* sectarianism. No matter to what sect a clergyman or layman from abroad belongs, when he comes here, nor, for how short a time he comes to stay; instantly the generous spirit of the place seizes him, and while he remains he must be

catholic and liberal. Vineland will be unsectarian, even if other places are not; but in time all will be, and Vineland will lead them on to that. Only harmony and unity are right, beautiful, for human brothers!

Then there are our beautiful avenues, sidewalks, parks, shade-trees, grassy road-sides, unfenced fields, gardens and orchards; our fruits, already famed in every great market, and our flowers, reared and trained by so many fair hands; our Floral, Horticultural and Agricultural Societies, and Lectures before them; our magnificent Fairs, in many respects rivaling or excelling every State Fair, or Fair of any kind in the United States; together with our fitting and joyous Celebration of the Anniversary of our Settlement.

Then our economy recognizes Woman's great need to work out-of-doors, and at her work to wear such a dress as makes work natural, possible, easy: our economy greatly recognizes Woman's Rights, her right to be a human being, and to perform a human being's duties, to think and act for herself, as man does for himself. In not another place in the country is there so much regard for Equal Rights; in no other place are there so many female farmers, physicians, lecturers, artists; in no other place are there so many females capable of being all these; in no other place is Woman such a practical, social, political, universal power.

Then there is our Library, with its Association;

our Historical Society, with its Collection of natural curiosities; with our so-numerous and excellent Schools, Academy, rising Seminary, and universal encouragement of Education, specially including Physical Culture, and Gymnastics; and last, but worthy to be first, our perpetual and successful enforcement of Temperance.

But, right here commences our danger, and right here must the New Features begin. Beware lest we soil the fair fame of *Temperance Vineland*, by prostituting our finest fruit, the beautiful grape, to the creation of Alcoholic poison by means of fermentation! Our own sons and daughters may then learn to love! And we shall not even make money, the wine will not be worth so much as the grapes! The cities of New-York and Philadelphia will soon be taught to eat grapes, and then we can do literally nothing toward supplying them. And we can club together and build one of Nye's Preserve Houses, and keep all the grapes we raise, the year round. And we can lay down our grapes in cotton, and keep them all winter. *Eat* the grapes, for they are more to us than any other fruit; but convert them into liquid fire—never! Keep Vineland forever a Temperance place! And they *say*, that somewhere here, below ground, absolute whisky is sold to the young men. Search out the place, close it up.

And Tobacco—would that that abomination, curse, might be banished from beautiful Vineland! Would that no merchant would sell it! Would that all

young ladies would constitute themselves a society, to refuse to associate with the young men (not gentlemen), who by chewing or smoking, make themselves perpetual nuisances! And would that the old, however long they have been wedded to the weed, would ennable themselves by casting it forever away, leaving every rood of our charming city as pure and sweet as its fruits and flowers!

But we are already making Vineland too naked, too cold. From the very commencement of our settlement, on all lots, however small, belts, groves, thickets, of forest-trees, should have been left, to break the wind; and similar forest-trees should have been left, in unbroken lines, along all the road-sides; and certainly hereafter, all who buy new land here, should be required, as a public necessity, to leave sufficient portions of forest. People come to Vine-land and Hainmonton to find a warmer climate, but already they are going away because it is so cold—they have made it so! and they will go somewhere else and cut away all the timber, and have to go to yet a new place. At least one-fourth of every country should be timber, and one-fourth of every lot here should have been left, to prove in the end, *far the most valuable part of the lot!*  *That is a fatal mistake*, that our fruit-trees when grown can take the place of the timber: our fruit-trees will *never* be large enough, we shall *always* need screens of forest and evergreen. As it is, we may yet be compelled to plant evergreen screens to protect our fruit from

the blighting winds; and even, the town might find its account in providing such a great outlying wind-break, as a town-affair; but at least, the magnificent timber covering our public Park, is worth ten times more to the place than the land on which it grows ever could be! Planting our road-sides with close lines of pine and spruce will help remedy the mistake already made. But all over New Jersey, the timber on every white-sand knoll, should never be cut!

Fight against it as we will, our winters will yet compel a return to forest. That world in the future, which is to be full of folks and happiness, instead of being made up of flaring houses, will be a world embosomed in trees! The true picture of a country-street now, is not an avenue where you can see farm-houses for a mile, but one where your vision is intercepted by orchards, groves, and in front an unbroken line of trees. China, the very garden of the globe, with its more than four hundred millions of people, and its every possible acre of soil put to use, yet, to-day is one continuous bower of waving foliage and overhanging verdure!

But trees should not stand too near the house. Flowers and flowering shrubs, together with all manner of the smaller fruits, close round the house, but trees at a little distance, along the street in front, at the sides, and back. Even the most beautiful tree that excludes light, becomes a curse! Not a morning-glory may be permitted to climb in front of a window, nor a grape-vine against the side of the

house to darken a single pane. Ague, typhus and cholera are invited by darkness!

But we need Birds, fifty to one we have now—birds to protect our fruit, and for music—birds in boxes every-where, and in trees all over our territory—we need to become a perfect city of birds, and of bird-music—a two-fold city, of men and songsters! Then the cats must go, or the birds will not come; cats we can forever do without, birds we must have!

And Dogs—dogs belong to hunting, in the wilds of the far West; but here, in the most civilized spot on the face of the earth, dogs are out of place. No dog has any business in Vineland!

But we need that all our people should unite to exterminate the Insects which destroy our gardens and orchards, and all so uniting, in one year we can do it: we need Lectures on Entomology: we need that an Entomologist should live here, and go round to our school-houses and address us in our own districts, *inducing* us all to extirpate the insects. We must, and shall, extirpate them, or not be Vineland!

Then we especially need Lectures on Health. Science is going to teach men how to preserve health, how to cure disease, how to live longer; and this knowledge will be communicated to the common people, the masses, by those competent to impart it, in Lectures: such Lectures, to preserve health and cure disease, will become one of the first features of civilization; and such Lectures ought to be delivered here, and they will be, and the sooner the better.

Let us know how to keep well, and how to get well ourselves when we are sick ; let us know how to live on—*and* live on, and not die before our time !

Then there must be no such thing known here as Capital against Labor, must be no Aristocracy of wealth and pride ; but *we* are the nobility, Labor is the badge of honor. Labor supports everybody, the millionaire, the doctor of divinity, equally with the plowman. Not wealth, but worth, is to give law in Vineland !

So the Lawyers here will nobly work in their own fruit-orchards, instead of pleading law for a living (for we shall have no lawsuits), though we shall cheerfully pay them for all the deeds and instruments they write for us, and all the knowledge they impart to us as to the law when we need to know ; but as to politicians and office-seekers, we shall never want any of them here.

And the Doctors will be glad and proud they live in a place so healthy that no one can be sick, and *they* will work like all the rest ; but the people will be glad to pay them for their Health-Lectures, and for teaching them to be always well.

And the Clergymen will also love to work, for they will know they must, that only by working can they preserve health, or be in a condition to perform their brain-tasks ; as, likewise, their generosity will make them glad to be able to lighten the burdens of the poor who pay them for their ministrations.

And Professors and Teachers will work, and like

all others, help themselves to live from the avails of their labor, though a grateful community will not let them go unrewarded for their useful instructions.

And merchants and clerks, tailors and shoemakers, editors, printers and jewelers, and all confined within doors, including all women, and especially milliners and dress-makers, will daily labor awhile in the sun, for they will know that if they do not, Death will all the sooner come! No man, no woman, can begin to live out life, who does not daily spend hours in the sun! And every one of these independent persons, as a milliner or dress-maker, ought to own or rent a piece of land to work for him or herself, cultivating flowers, or vegetables and fruits. And for the same labor every-where, of whatever kind, women should of course receive equal pay. And fathers, husbands and brothers should aid and *enable* their wives, sisters and daughters to be out-of-doors every day, either by supplying sufficient hired help, or themselves assisting in the house, as the complement of the women assisting out of it.

Then, to encourage frugality, both merchants and customers should if possible, adhere to the principle of No Credit—Pay as you go.

And Vineland women must put their heel on Fashion, and aping the silly and worthless belles of the cities: since they will be women, and human beings, they must concern themselves about something higher than tinsel and show, even grave duties and realities pertaining to human beings!

And the men must be above lounging about, and wasting their time, as the road-side weeds show that too many have hitherto wasted it!

Still, all must have amusements; both men and women must unbend, recreate: so we must have Sociables and Reunions, Dancing Schools and social dances, Music Schools and music—it would be well in Summer, if we had a brass-band to play nightly at head-quarters. And we ought to abound in Gymnasiums, for recreation, of both men and women; there should be a perfect one in connection with every school-house, the Academy, and Seminary, as well as a universal one in the Pantheon, the great circular low-walled Hall which the *Weekly* recently recommended us to build in the Park, capable of accommodating 10,000 people, with an “outer ring for prize-riding, driving, running and velocipeding generally, together with base-ball, croquet, &c.” And for recreation not less than health, Vineland pre-eminently needs, and would support, a Turkish Bath.

But, to make our labor more efficient, so as to have less labor and more time, we shall come to co-operate in various ways. The tendency of the whole world is toward Co-operation, and Vineland itself is but one signal illustration of the benefits of Co-operation. Mr. Landis opens roads, and that helps us, and we buy land, and that helps Mr. Landis; and then we all join together to build railroads, and make arrangements for shipping and marketing our fruits,

so that all help all. In no other place in this country is there so perfect and successful co-operation, in the matter of these arrangements. But we shall go on and carry the principle further. Some of us who often want a horse, but do not need to own one, will club together and own one in common, so that he will answer for us all. Some of us will own a cow in common, and then she can afford to be the very best cow, giving enough milk for all. Some of us will own costly and most useful implements together, and thus greatly save. And the time will come when we shall establish Union Stores. We have good merchants, but merchants are only *middle-men*; they are not producers, but must be consumers, and hence take off the profits: so we shall set up Stores ourselves, and save the profits—we shall have such Stores all over Vineland Tract. And, as Harriet Beecher Stowe says, no village is complete without its steam-laundry, where the washing and ironing of a hundred families can be done at once, and better than if performed at home; and Vineland Yankees will in time get up such an establishment. And we shall yet cook and wash dishes by steam-machinery, so that all who wish may be saved such drudgery, most wonderful drudgery to women! And in time a number of families living close together, and knowing each other well, will build a great circular or square house, round an open area, each family occupying its own separate part of the house, that is, suites of rooms in it, but all coming together

for meals to a building in the center of the inclosed area, where the cooking, washing, ironing and other work will be done for all, saving literally, an incalculable amount of time, labor and money ; and all this not destroying our individuality, freedom, but in every way perfecting both !

And greatly, we need a new style of building in Vineland, need to build to live longer, for now we do not live as long as we ought ; we need to build for air and light, often to have more or larger windows, but always to have our windows during the day, not darkened with blinds nor curtains ; but still more, to have all our windows hung with weights, so that they can constantly be open a little at top and bottom, that thus the air may all the time be passing through. The simple fact of all our windows being hung with weights, would add one whole year to the average of every one of our lives ; that is, say there are 12,000 people here, and put all those people into one, he would live 12,000 years longer ! The time is fast coming when, throughout civilization, nobody will dream of living in a house without windows with weights. But at least, it is *murder* to have one school-house, church or hall in Vineland, without such windows !

Then there should be a reform in our Schools, Academy and Seminary : instead of poring over books so much, the pupils should study Nature and Science : our own Professor Willson has led the way, in giving us school-books that teach Science ; but for the

most part, through the whole warm season of the year, the pupils should go to school, with their teachers, out-of-doors—studying Entomology, and the different kinds of insects, which are harmful and which not: studying Botany, and the various kinds of flowers and plants, and how to raise and take care of them —how to plant, sow, bud, graft, transplant: studying the various kinds of grasses, trees, birds, animals, stones, fossils, and learning about the dew, rain and sunlight: studying and analyzing soils, and witnessing a great many practical and most interesting experiments in Chemistry and Electricity—in other words, gaining useful knowledge, and particularly preparing themselves for *scientific* horticulture and agriculture.

And another reform, which the world is organizing for us, and going to make easy for us, and which it will enable Vineland to commence, as it expects Vineland to commence it, is the admission of Woman to take her place by the side of man at the ballot-box. England is even now, about giving the franchise to thousands of women; the Republican Party in this country, which gives the ballot to the Negro this year, will give it to Woman in the next great Presidential Campaign; here in New Jersey, women did vote, and all the more easily will again; and Vineland of all other places on earth, on the 3d of November is to make the beginning! And the noble, just *men* of Vineland will say Amen, for women are Vineland as much as the men, and have done as

much to make it; and when the women assert their right and present their ballots, the men will accept, and be proud that it was their glorious wives and daughters who led the way in the sight of the world! They will accept it as the onward march of the age, and part of the inevitable future of Vineland! Justice knows no sex, but only humanity; Equality is the law between man and woman; and the men of Vineland make it their boast that they live justice and equality. And the reception, by the judges, of the ballots of the women as well as those of the men, will be attended with not the least difficulty, will not compromise the success of the Republican ticket, will make no difference with that result, more than if not a woman had voted. In Vineland, because the men and judges are just, and true to women, true to their mothers, sisters, wives and daughters, the ballots will be received, but in a separate box, and counted as so many votes of *women* in addition to those of the men; but at the County-seat, and at the Capital, because the men have not yet been converted to justice and truth to woman, therefore the men's votes alone will be recognized and counted: but that fact that so many women voted, will be out; the glorious, contagious example will be set; Vineland will be quoted as proof that women can vote, and the ball will not stop rolling till women every-where do vote! The women of Vineland by this act will have done more to achieve the consummation, than all their talking for fifty years could possibly do! But who

is this that in the last *Weekly*, assumes to say that the men of Vineland will *not* receive the votes of the women? The absence of his name throws fatal discredit on his assertion, and is an augury that the prediction of such injustice is not true. The men of Vineland *will* receive the ballots of the equal, noble women, especially, when those ballots will not in the least prejudice their own ticket, nor jeopard its success. The author of the statement in the *Weekly*, only made the assertion because he supposed the female ballots were to be counted with the rest; had he known they were to be counted as so many *women's* votes, in *addition* to all those of the men, even he would gladly have bidden the women vote, as his whole article shows. So that all are going to invite the women to exercise their right, and welcome them to the polls next Tuesday!—[Election-day came, the women provided themselves a ballot-box, appointed judges, and cast 172 votes.]

But in addition to all other Societies, Vineland needs a Scientific Association, and already numbers Scientists enough, both men and women, to meet monthly, semi-monthly, or even weekly, to read, each his or her own paper on some Scientific theme, after the manner of the British and American Associations for the Advancement of Science. Science has already become the world's great Providence and Savior, and we need to cultivate it, especially the practical Sciences, Agriculture, Horticulture, Botany, Entomology, Natural History, and to these are essen-

tial, Geology, Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, Meteorology, and even Astronomy; and we have both men and women, whose papers on these themes would call out, interest, and instruct the largest assembly. Our Science would be the right hand of Vineland, and of all its progress.

And our Historical Society's Collection should grow into a true Museum, always accessible to the public; and every school-house, the Academy, and Seminary, should be fitted up with a cabinet of natural curiosities, to serve for themes of study in Winter, in lieu of the live world that would beckon all out-of-doors in Summer.

And in addition to our Library, in all our school-districts there should be Reading Rooms, where should constantly be kept the best late literature, all the Magazines of Science, Art, Criticism, and Reform, with all the great Newspapers—such newspapers (as the N.-Y. Tribune) are great educators. And support our own newspapers—pay the printer—read no paper for which the publisher has not the money in his pocket. Then he can give us a *better* paper, and Vineland needs the very best of papers, and the very best of editors—and better, both are bound to become!

And Lyceums we shall need in all our school-districts, for our youth, as well as for others; and Courses of Lectures will constitute part of the intellectual bill of fare served up for our good citizens.

But we need Lectures of yet another kind, *Lec-*

tures delivered on any subject given the speaker after he rises to his feet, and stands before his audience. What we want for the whole people of Vineland, and especially for the youth in our Schools, Academy and Seminary, is Education, learning to *think*; but there is no such education as that which enables a man to speak an hour on any possible theme given to him after he rises to his feet, and at last, no man is educated who can not do this; and then *hearing* such a Lecture is the double superlative of education--first, there are all the great, eloquent, beautiful, incomparable things, the gifted speaker, inspired by the occasion, says--and secondly, there are the infinitely more, and perhaps more interesting and important, things, all he says, *suggests*, for the greatest speaker in the world never says, half he (unknown to himself) hints. To deliver such an Improvised Lecture is the severest ordeal to which the human intellect can be subjected, and to hear such a one is the greatest treat, the highest *furnishing*, possible to any man! What would you not give to hear Charles Sumner deliver such a Lecture, on anything you might give him after he stood before you, *nothing, something, a nit, speckled, chargoz-manchog, beeble-booble-bomble-bumble?* Do you think there is ANYTHING on which a great, glorious man can not speak an hour? This Universe of existence is *one* and you can not talk about anything, without talking about everything! Vineland ought to have such Lectures as these.

And we need Public Conversations. A. Bronson Alcott holds Conversations, always on a subject announced, and few questions allowed to be asked on the subject; but we need that some one should hold Conversations here, and *all* ask questions on *any* subject—put the man to our use, get out of him all that he knows, make all his great culture ours, as if each of us had read, and studied, and laid up, all that he has done, because we can hear him say it all! What if you could thus ask anything you pleased of Humboldt, the most universal of men? or of Agassiz, the world's greatest living naturalist? or of any great Scientist?—or ask a man what will cure the bite of a rattlesnake, or a mad dog, or small-pox, or cancer, or cholera, or consumption, *anything and everything* anybody wishes to know, the very cream and flower of a man's life? No man ever gave so much for so little money, as he who would thus answer all your questions on the most vital subjects, even to saving you from Death itself! Such Conversations and Lectures would be Education to Vineland, would be to make all Vineland go to school: we should need a hall that would hold 5,000 people: the fame of our Conversations and Lectures would go out every-where, and bring the elect from every quarter to dwell among us.

All this would be to make Vineland a true University, such a University as now, nowhere exists on the planet; and to make Vineland a perfect University is to get to the end, beyond which we can no

further go. We shall not need to send our sons away to a University, a greater, a better, a perpetual University is here!

Then Vineland only further needs Aspiration, Ambition—Ambition to become all this: let Vineland become all this, even if she stands alone, let her not wait for any other! Chimborazo does not ask Cotopaxi whether himself may tower above all the Andes, nor, among the Himmelahs, Chumularee take his cue from lower peaks around!

This will be making History! Charles K. Landis made history when he founded Vineland; the place has been making history every day since; it is making history to-night: then let it make this greater, more glorious history, ripening into this realization we all so fondly desire!









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